

# Richmond Times-Dispatch

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Memorial Day  
THIS is a day of memories—of memories glorious and immortal—when we of Virginia pay tribute of honor and reverence to the South's heroic dead.

It is true the sacrifices they made, their deeds of daring, the deaths they died, gain no new luster from anything their survivors or their descendants can do or say. History records and will forever record the purity of their purpose and the gallantry of their devotion. Their fame is secure.

Rather, it is for the men and women of the South to look within themselves and keep alight the patriotic fires that burned in their fathers' hearts. The memories to which this day is dedicated are our most precious heritage. It is inconceivable that they shall ever be lost or obscured, but we of the South may forget to be worthy of them. That is the only danger against which we need to guard.

A Melancholy Triumph  
A SURVIVOR of the Falaba testifies that he was in a lifeboat and distinctly saw all actions of the German submarine crew as the Falabians were in their death throes in the water. He declares that they laughed and jeered at the dying men. Several others corroborate him.

It is unpleasant to think of a melancholy triumph, a terrible display of the brute in man. Putting others to death is a solemn duty when justified by law, but sneaking up on them with a submarine is a terrible responsibility, even admitting for the sake of argument, some semblance of military necessity. The event is no time for laughing, no time for jeering. If laughing and jeering in such circumstances may be taken as indicating the German military attitude toward the world, then it is imperative that Germany be utterly crushed from the earth. Such a philosophy cannot live.

Germany Defies America  
IT is obvious that the German reply to President Wilson's note, protesting against the destruction of American lives by Germany's submarine warfare, is utterly unsatisfactory. It ignores the legitimate and moderate demands for reparation that the President made, and seeks to enter on an illimitable controversy, which has no bearing on the vital issues and could have no satisfactory ending.

Weeks ago President made it plain that this country would not endure German violations of international law and of the rules of civilized war, that placed in peril the lives of our nationals. Germany was told then, in so many words, that for destruction of American life she would be held to a strict accountability.

She has kept on her course, and the destruction that was apprehended—that was inevitable, indeed—has resulted. She declines to amend that course. Her answer is defiance. For us the choice presented is between the incredible baseness of surrender and firm and manly insistence that American rights shall be respected and American lives preserved.

Who can doubt where, on this issue, Woodrow Wilson stands?

Corrupting the Police  
PATROLMAN MONITZ, of New York, stopped at a little place on his route and ate a dish of ice cream. Along came a round sergeant, caught him in the act, hailed him before the deputy commissioner and charged him with leaving his beat. Tremblingly, Monitz explained his overpowering love of ice cream. He was forgiven, but on probation. He was sentenced not to eat ice cream for three months while on duty. Pale-faced and shaking like an aspen, he agreed, but it nearly knocked his teeth out. Never before had he faced such an ordeal.

And yet the deputy commissioner is right. Policemen are paid to police. They should at all times attend to policing. That is the plain business of it. Discipline must prevail. Now another aspect is presented. Ice cream eating is undoubtedly one of the curses of the American people. It ranks with cigarette smoking, cocaine sniffing and the whiffing of wrist watches. It goes along with the wearing of wrist watches. It is nearly as bad as munching cream puffs. It not only constipates but is attacked by this terrible vice, if the ice cream saloons are to reach out and grab the force in their clutches, what will happen to the nation?

It is in no spirit of levity that we approach the subject. It is fundamentally important for us to preserve our constabulary at all cost. Until this time we have had little to fear, for no policeman has ever done anything more serious than to sip a little beer at the side door, or frisk a handful of peanuts from the corner stand. But, now that policemen have taken up the horrible ice cream habit, it is time to pause. We are very nearly on the brink. The precipice is within two inches of our national soul.

It is to be hoped that no Richmond policeman has acquired the ice cream habit. If

after careful investigation, it shall develop that, in spite of our watchfulness, there are ice cream eaters on the force, then, in the name of public safety and public morality, let the evil be rooted out at once.

They Dream of Peace  
OUT of the smoke of battle fly frightened white doves, their wings somewhat clipped, their breast plumage smutted with powder and a note of terror in their screaming. They are pursued by vultures, and the whole world is trying to save the frightened little doves from slaughter.

Of course, John Hays Hammond must be in the rescue. Mr. Hammond is the chairman of the World Court Congress, backing an international court of justice for the arbitration of huge disputes. Mr. Hammond is an eminent champion of white-winged peace. He is the father of the man who recently invented a powerful chemical combustion shell, the fumes of which would kill a thousand at a whiff. If Mr. Hammond achieves peace, he will put his worthy son out of business, so far as the asphyxiating shell is concerned.

But Mr. Hammond talks peace in a way that gives no great assurance. If the international court of justice is established, he says, peace will be more than a dream. "For the plan of the World Court Congress calls for compulsory submission to the court of all disputes." Note the phrase: "compulsory submission." Then reflect a moment: Who is going to administer the compulsion? For instance, could the whole world compel Germany, at this juncture, to submit to arbitration? Could the whole world in the beginning have compelled submission by the Kaiser? And doesn't the use of the word "compulsion" in itself raise the issue of fight in case of resistance?

Mr. Hammond is sincerely for peace, even though his son in the laboratory may manufacture for war. But, unfortunately, most of the peace advocates of the world today look forward to some arrangement by which peace will be brought about by some sort of compulsion, which is to say, by fighting if needs be. Justice will lie on the side of greater virtue; victory on the side of greater strength. And if victory overpowers justice, wherein does compulsory submission achieve its triumphs?

No, gentlemen all—you know, as the world knows, that peace will come only with reconstruction. The fighting will go on to its present end, and then begin again for another cause, until some day human nature will revolt and a universal brotherhood will refuse to take up arms. And all this is a matter of education, without which any court of justice will be just as ineffectual as that comic opera plan of The Hague, drawn for the edification and amusement of signatories, who sniggered when they signed.

The Lady Barber  
THE eminently respectable Carthage, Mo., Republican is authority for the statement that, a firm of lady barbers having opened shop in Blandville, the Married Women's Club has posted pickets at the door to report the names of all married men entering therein. These pickets are also to note the demeanor of all customers, the attitude of barbers toward patrons, the degree of affection with which the hot towel is applied, the tenderness, if any, of the diagonal razor stroke, the exact velvety quality of the powder application. They are to report whether the lady barber cries "Next!" in a tone of relief or regret. All this is to be heaped up against the institution and its patrons, and unless the lady barbers keep themselves very circumspect, it may be that a moving picture parlor will move into the place.

Isn't it awful, when such a noble and satisfying institution as a lady barber shop has to be watched like a poker game over a shooting gallery? For years and years, running into scores, men have put up with the coarse work of callous-handed, whiskered, barytone-voiced shavers who annoy with their conversation and aggravate with their habit of using the human ear as a soap cup. It has been one of the chief trials of being a man at all, that one must be shaved by an unsympathetic fellow, of doubtful taste in humor, and when the lady barber came into style a dozen years ago she was hailed with joy by the martyr crew.

And now, when Blandville tries to sneak in a little bright spot to make life worth living, the married women have to organize to spike the guns. Blandville men must stand together. It is getting to be so hard these days that the average man habitually walks with a sneaking glance of apprehension over his shoulder.

Will Europe Flood Us?  
AN interesting question arises from a probability that after the European war there will be a general rush for the United States by surviving soldiers who wish to escape the heavy burden of reconstruction and special taxes. This probability is suggested by a statistician, who presents some figures, concerning the reliability of which he knows more than any one else. Be his prophecy a good or bad one, the fact remains that a considerable immigration need not surprise the United States. Our business is to prepare in advance to turn it to account.

If this country should be flooded by Europe, naturally the tide will be reached in points of present congestion, such as the chief ports of entry. A large majority of those coming over will not, perhaps, go into the interior. What New York will do with its share of the excess immigration is a question for New York to solve. What benefit the country as a whole may derive is a question for the general government, and it would not be unwise to have information ready for the prospective immigrant, especially pointing out the need of real men in the undeveloped country all the way to the Pacific Coast.

Supposing the predicted flood of Europeans, it may be imagined that experience in the field has tempered them all, and that they will be able easily to carry the load of development of waste lands, to their advantage and the advantage of the whole people. Why not begin now to plan for their use in a beneficial way, instead of waiting for them to be dumped into a single community where now the broad line is a thing of too great significance to be ignored?

Western bandits held up an automobile party of seven and cleaned out \$2.57 in cash. Maybe the fellow who doesn't own an auto has all the loose money.

A red hair in a strawberry shortcake caused a fight in a Denver restaurant. No wonder. Stray hairs should be in the gutter, always.

Baltimore high school debate: "Resolved, That a stepfather is kinder than a mother-in-law." This, for higher education.

## SONGS AND SAWS

Receiv.  
It may be hard sometimes to read  
The metric nonsense I indite;  
I know I should for mercy plead  
To those who on these stanzas light;  
But don't forget, kind friends in need,  
This stuff is sometimes hard to write.

When Teddy's in his element,  
Or Gussie Gardner turns his tricks,  
When Hobson tells us how he meant  
To purify all politics,  
Or Uncle Joe, with garments rent,  
Explains this nation's awful fix.

It's easy then to make a rhyme  
That may excuse a fleeting smile,  
Or banish boredom for a time.  
The weather, jitties, woman's wile,  
The special beauties of our clime,  
Succumb in turn to rimesters' guile.

But subjects will wear out at last—  
Sometimes there is not one in sight—  
But though such days come thick and fast  
There is no harm for rhyme to wait;  
He has to make some sort of cast  
And some more foolishness indite.

Wherefore, though this be hard to read  
By those whose eyes just here should light,  
I pray, in kindness they'll concede  
It was at least as hard to write.

The Psalmist Says.  
While casting your bread upon the waters,  
Remember that wheat flour is rising in price  
and keep one eye on the direction of the wind and tides.

Inconsiderate.  
She—I think Mrs. Binks  
is one of the most tactless  
and objectionable women  
I ever met.  
He—Why do you say that?  
She—Why, at the club  
this afternoon I had just  
started to tell one of the  
smart things our Willie  
had said, when she took the same story  
and ascribed it to her horrid little Johnny.

Proof Positive.  
"Do you regard Jimson as an entirely honest man?"  
"I should say I do! Why, that man can go  
nashin' and come back home and confess he  
never had a bit."

Now's the Time.  
There's not much sense in pouting  
Because life's lost its gleam,  
There's not much use in shouting,  
Until you've crossed the stream;  
No past nor future glory  
Will win you fortune's bow—  
The point of the whole story  
Is what you're doing now.

THE TATTLER.

## Chats With Virginia Editors

"Alta Vista must be in a rather bad way. The Journal, published in that peculiar sort of a town, evidently is suffering with a case of general disgust. It says: 'Since the month of May is the month of lightning bugs, some of the small towns have authorized their firemen not to turn on the street lights until 9:45. This will do for some towns, but we regret to see it in Alta Vista.'—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

To which the Alta Vista Journal replies: 'It's not the town that is peculiar, but a few peculiar specimens of the genus homo who live herein; otherwise, this town has attained the same scale in development in the five years that required Richmond to reach in 200 years—quality, not quantity, of course!'

The Williamsburg Gazette says: "Strawberries are more plentiful and of better quality in this section than before in many years. The growers are finding it difficult to market the berries, and are feeding them to chickens, the price being unusually low." And all of those chickens are going to die with lumbago, if you don't look sharp.

There are lively times ahead down in Gloucester. The News-Reporter says: "The political situation is warming up and getting more interesting in old Gloucester. Mr. Myron E. Bristol has withdrawn from the race for Commonwealth's attorney and has entered the race against Major Stubbs for the House of Delegates. In the meantime, there are rumors of other withdrawals, and the situation gets more complex as time passes. There will be many surprises on or before August 4, 1915." Truly, when somebody looks horns with Major Stubbs, there is going to be something doing!

"The city of Richmond is also trying to make the Postal Telegraph Company pay a pole tax." Thus remarks the Newport News Press.

The Northern Neck News tells this story: "It was with a great deal of pleasure that we noted the fact that on his return from New York, the President of the United States stopped at Stratford, the birthplace of Robert E. Lee. With the exception of his wife and had an old fisherman comment on the time when President Tyler visited a President to Westmoreland, the county which has furnished the first and the greatest number of Presidents of any one county in America. Moreover, the manner in which President Wilson made his visit, unexpectedly and unostentatiously, was evidence of the fact that this great man's object was one of reverence and historical interest."

Current Editorial Comment  
An anxious contemporary is worried over the question whether the East "does not lose much of human naturalness and gentleness through the differences which external circumstances breed in its children." Some of the little dears are bred up rolling in millions, while others count themselves lucky if they do not starve to death before they have lived out half their days. Pursuing their life paths through scenes so different, it could hardly be expected that these classes should feel a great deal of sympathy for each other. The paper from which we have quoted thinks that matters are on quite another footing in the West. In that Arcadian region all children live and play on the same level. There are no distinctions of money or class. Everybody is everybody else's equal and all are gay and happy. It is a pity to mar such a lovely illusion, but idleness to truth permits no choice. External circumstances raise the same barriers between human beings in one part of the world as in another. Children who have the advantage of wealth and nurture attain to healthy, happy and successful lives in the West just as in the East. Those who have not these advantages may attain to eminence, but it is at fearful cost, and the chances are heavy that they will fail.—Portland Oregonian.

We have had far too many say-so German facts in this war. Germans have developed the will to believe in an even more extraordinary way than they have the will to conquer. It is no simply that they take the official statements of their government as truth on Holy Writ. They have worked themselves up into a kind of metaphysical frenzy which makes them certain that what they say is self-evident. We have often given examples. It is not necessary to repeat them. That the alleged facts often contradict each other flatly, makes no difference

to these German enthusiasts. They have not studied Kant and Hegel in vain; they can swallow opposing categories with ease. We do not know that anything can be done about this, but we do know that a long debating of the "facts" of a simple case with such people would be a waste of time. To every proof they would think it a sufficient answer to say: "We know that it cannot be so." Another reason why our government cannot put up with a time-killing discussion of the Lusitania with Germany is that all the essential facts were determined long ago. They were clearly put in our two notes to the German government. On the side of the latter, the one glaring "fact" was that it had announced its purpose to sink merchant vessels, even when they were neutral. Against that, our government at the fact that such a deed would be a crime under international law. Should such a thing be done to American property or lives, our government would hold Germany to "strict accountability." The thing was done, in a way to state the whole world, and thereupon the President called upon Germany for disavowal and reparation, together with the taking of "immediate steps to prevent the recurrence of anything so obviously subversive of the principles of warfare." Mr. Wilson asked for "just, prompt, and righteous action" in this vital matter; and it will be neither just, prompt, nor enlightened if the German government now seeks to envelop the whole question of fact in asphyxiating gas. The issue is clear. It must be squarely met. Sooner or later, Germany will have to let us know whether she intends to do and defend lawless acts on the high seas. That is the only fact which is really relevant to her controversy with the United States.—New York Evening Post.

## War News Fifty Years Ago

(From Newspaper Files, May 31, 1865.)

A meeting of the so-called loyal citizens of Kanawha County was held at Charleston, the county seat, a few days ago, at which time there were some intensely bitter resolutions proposed and passed, which, if carried out, will make things rather warm for Confederates in that section. The resolutions, which are of the kind that is characteristic of a new-found loyalty of those West Virginians, and doubtless the time will come when the makers and passers of the resolutions will regret their action.

General Phil Sheridan is in St. Louis, and is being made much of a hero. Receptions after receptions are being given him.

A delegation from Hanover County, headed by O. P. Baldwin, called on Governor Pierpont yesterday morning. In reply to Mr. Baldwin the Governor, for the first time, outlined his policy, which is good enough, if the military authorities will let him carry it out.

Among other callers at the Governor's office yesterday were General James L. Kemper, of Madison County, R. E. Garrett and W. J. Owen, of Halifax, and Messrs. Walker, Scott and Watkins, of Prince Edward.

There is a rumor in Washington that Major-General George H. Thomas will be placed in command of the Department of Virginia. It is to be hoped the report is not true. Anything for Virginia but Thomas.

A large amount of counterfeit money is said to be on its way to Richmond for circulation among the unsophisticated.

President Johnson has appointed William Wood as the new Governor of North Carolina, and instructed him to proceed to reorganize and restore the regular government of that State through a Constitutional Convention.

The United States War Department has issued an order that all sentences by military courts for imprisonment for the term of the war are now to be at an end, and such prisoners as are held under such sentences are to be released at once.

Six negroes have been hung in Chesterfield County by the military authorities, they having been convicted of the crime of rape.

Official announcement has been made in Washington of the surrender of all Confederate troops under the command of General Kirby Smith. The surrender was made to General Canby, and this includes all soldiers and sailors wearing the Confederate uniform that have not already surrendered.

For nine months the United States has delivered munitions only to the allies, and at their choice, to Germany, and at their choice, to the neutrals. The neutrality of the United States demands equal treatment of the belligerents by the United States, and if the force of circumstances is such as to prevent America from aiding Germany too, a compromise can easily be made by aiding neither party.

The President of the United States has it in his power to stop this hideous war. George Washington, the truest, bravest, kindest and best man, true to his God, his country and true to himself, considered the honor and good name of his country as a sacred charge entrusted on him. He would blush with indignation to hear his name invoked in support of a war that has millions to-day as "a mere colony of England that kisses the feet of the English nation."

America already, influenced by England, to such an extent as to allow her to infringe on American rights without resenting it, allowing her reprisals at sea to paralyze the traffic of the whole world. Is the proud and independent America once more becoming a vassal to England?

In writing you this letter I am fighting just as much for the honor of America as for the rights of Germany. I have lived in America the high days of my life, and I love her and her people, but I am an offspring of an ancient and noble German family. I love the German Empire and Germany with all my heart, and so I feel that I must do both countries good.

America need not fear if Germany wins that she will compel peaceable nations to maintain a high degree of preparedness. Germany had the desire to attack other nations, and she has easily been done so with England during the Boer War and with Russia when fighting with Japan. The desire of Germany is to make peace with all nations, to "live and let live," nothing more.

The President of the United States can re-establish the friendly relations that have hitherto existed between America and Germany by his simple act of declaring that I appeal to him, knowing him to be a good man, to reflect earnestly which would be the best course to pursue so as to stop this terrific war.

MRS. WILLIAM G. HIRSCHFELD.  
Dresden, Germany.

The Bright Side of Life  
A Deep One.  
Mae—Ruth had a new gown on last night.  
Grace—Oh, what was it like?  
Mae—Why, mostly Ruth—Minnesota Minne-haha.

Mr. Gideon—Do you remember, Jose, where I put my children the other night?  
Jose—No, I don't, sir.  
Mr. Gideon—These servants! They never remember anything!—Successors (Santiago, Chile).

Breakers Ahead There!  
Thissen—The girl dancing there should be a good swimmer.  
Thatten—Why do you say that?  
Thissen—Don't you see the fine overhand stroke she uses?—Illinois Siren.

Her Plan.  
Mrs. Youngwood—Well, dear, I've found a flat, and I can't go right past the door.  
Mrs. Youngwood—Oh, the noise of the electric disturbs your rest, my love?  
Mrs. Youngwood—Oh, the landlord assured me that I wouldn't mind it after the first two nights, and you know, dear, we can sleep the first two nights at mother's.—Boston Transcript.

## INTERNEED

One of the Day's Best Cartoons.



—From the Nashville Tennessean.

## REUNION SONGS OF BARDS TO-DAY

The Confederate Reunion.  
Comrades, come we here together to renew the old-time ties—  
Come we here to share the weather, glories won before us rise.

In this place, in many others, cluster thoughts of the loved past—  
And we here bid our brothers, that these sacred memories last.

Of veterans summoned here together with the thoughts of "Auld Lang Syne,"  
Anew we recount their victories, added laurels intertwine.

Many a night I watched the dipper, calmly, effluent o'er battle ground,  
Till suddenly there came a ripper with a cannonading sound.

O'er the bloody field I wandered, death-bed of many a youth sublime;  
Their bodies on the ground slumbered, angel harps their requiem chime.

When the centuries passing over, ours a prosperous, fruitful land,  
They'll recount their deeds o'er, and o'er, saying "Ne'er lived braver band."

Prophecy I sound the future on this land, and o'er the sea,  
Men who battled with the sword, Stonewall Jackson, Grant and Lee.

On the battle field the life blood well, eth forth in crimson tide,  
But the battle field shows the horror deeds of unselfish bravery hide.

On the battle field man grips with man, 'tis of brain and brawn the test;  
But the battle field shows the spirit of the hero, highest, best.

Then brother fought with brother, their glorious battles will ever live,  
Each in the heart of other; each to the other will honor give.

Shiloh, Manassas, Bull Run, time fails me all to recall,  
Ne'er has history greater deeds spun, nor e'er did greater heroes fall.

Fame took up the glass of time, turned it where age with age vies,  
Turned it to the famous battles; none greater than these arise.

Fame smote on the harp of ages, minstrel of heroic deeds;  
Nowhere on historic pages has a people sowed such seeds.

We will leave, oh, my brothers, strengthened by our meeting here,  
We'll recount to the waiting others deeds we hold so sacred, dear.

Strength and welfare I pray may be yours till next year we meet again,  
Ever honored will our gray be; this my farewell, mixed with pain.

CHALMERS-VIRGINIA.

The Last Counterpoint.  
It's fifty years and we have met again  
To greet each other, clasp a comrade's hand;  
To rehearse the stories, once so fraught with pain,  
Of deeds of valor done for this our well-loved land.

What though our steps do falter as we take our way,  
What, though our eyes are dim, that once were bright and clear,  
What, though our hair is sparse and thin, well marked with gray;  
What, though Time shows us growing fewer with each year?

Are not our hearts still true to all we fought for then?  
Has not time shown the justice of our cause?  
So we can meet each year and we can call pause.

Our love for that and those till death calls pause.  
When last we answer to the summons that brings all,  
No part of this grand remnant left, to give each other cheer,  
We'll meet upon the other side and echo back the call—  
Reunions with "All here!" The counterpoint, "All here!"

ANOMA THOMASO.

The Heavenly Reunion.  
Our sainted Jackson surely knows his earthly fame and glory,  
A loving people gladly gave in epic song and story.  
Since he has dwelt in Paradise:  
But had he quaffed one sweeter cup or felt one throb of purer bliss,  
Than when he met his loved world-mate and gave to her a holy kiss,  
With rapturous gaze into her eyes?  
HUGH G. BARCLAY,  
In Confederate Veteran.

A Toast to the Veterans.  
Here's to the Blue—  
Here's to the Gray—  
Each fought the battle all the way!  
In combine, To the youth of to-day,  
May each inspire  
The consuming fire  
Of patriotism true  
To link as one  
To that which won—  
The Red, the White and the Blue.  
F. D. QUINN.

## INTERNEED

One of the Day's Best Cartoons.



—From the Nashville Tennessean.

## REUNION SONGS OF BARDS TO-DAY

At the Reunion.  
Excuse me, old comrade, excuse me,  
But seems like I ought to know you;  
Seems like I saw you in the army  
Awearin' the gray—I wore blue  
Would you mind, friend, just tellin' your name, sir?

Then maybe you'd recollect me—  
There ain't many of us that's left now  
Who fought in the year sixty-three.  
Jim Haskins? Great Scott! I do know you!

Remember that old reerbel yell  
You fellows let out down at Corinth,  
And followed with shot and with shell,  
Till all of the ground was gory  
And covered with wounded and dead?

Tain't no use describing the battle—  
War is, and still shall be, just hell.  
And then, when the battle was over  
And bugles had sounded retreat,  
Each army withdrew to its campground  
With halting and wearying feet.

The sun in his pitiless grandeur  
Beat down on the unseeing dead,  
Parching the lips of the wounded,  
Scaring the wound in my head.

Remember that blue-coated soldier  
Who lay on the field near your side,  
Each of us waitin' and wonderin'  
How long it would be 'till he died!  
I never took me so by the water—  
A drop for my soul-rackin' thirst!

Beggin' for some one to shoot me—  
Datin' Death give me his worst.  
That roused you, an', draggin' that leg, sir,  
You crawled over, weak as could be,  
An' takin' your canteen o' water,  
Divided the last drop with me!

Christ said that a cup o' cold water—  
Why, pardner, that's all saved my life!  
And to think that an enemy gave it,  
There in the midst of the strife!

The search-parties came, and we  
And all these years never have met  
Till I found you to-day, and I knew you—  
God bless you, I didn't forget!  
But fact is, old feller, to meet you  
Kinder took me so by the water,  
That I—why I—where's my han'k'-chief?

Gosh ding it, the sun's in my eyes!  
Oh, well, it's all over and ended.  
But I'm glad that I lived 'till this day  
And met you here at the reunion,  
Where everywhere's happy and gay,  
Look there, where the flags are away—  
In—

The trade's formin'—my! aint it grand?  
I ain't much on marchin' no more, sir—  
But come on, let's foller the band!  
RUBY ERWIN LIVINGSTON,  
Russellville, Ark.

Welcome.  
Let us open wide the portals  
To the men who marched with Lee,  
And followed Stonewall Jackson  
From the mountains to the sea,  
Who bore the fate of the gray,  
And waved its folds on high,  
And shed their blood for freedom  
Neath the starry Southern sky.

We have read in song and story  
Of the heroes who have fought  
To uphold their country's honor  
And the miracles they wrought;  
But the valor of our soldiers  
Who wore Confederate gray  
Will go ringing down the ages,  
Making glorious the day.

See the long, thin line come marching,  
With a proud and martial tread,  
To greet their living comrades  
And bivaque with the dead;  
Strew their path with fragrant roses,  
Hail them with a loud acclaim,  
Battle-scarred and bent and hoary,  
Yet undying is their fame.

For, though lost, our cause is grander:  
Though conquered, we are free;  
We have placed on history's pages  
The name of R. E. Lee;  
And ages yet unborn  
Beneath the Southern stars,  
In the sunny land of Dixie,  
Will revere the Stars and Bars.

Then welcome, ye, thrice welcome  
To the brave old boys in gray;  
They are sacred, they are holy,  
And united we will pray  
That when our country needs us  
We will march as blithe and gay,  
With old Glory flying o'er us,  
As our sires who wore the gray.

MARY ROSALIND LE MASURIER.  
And as Usual He Got Away With It.  
(Philadelphia Inquirer.)  
As we understand it, Colonel Roosevelt considered it only a question of veracity between himself and another prevaricator.

He'd Be Told How to Run—Out.  
(Memphis Commercial-Appeal.)  
One thing to his credit, Huerta isn't trying to tell us how to run the country.

They All Fall for Lime-light.  
(Washington Post.)  
Vic Emmanuel's picture in the paper came high, but he just had to have it.

Will Be Great Relief to Japan.  
(Knoxville Journal and Tribune.)  
When last heard from, Captain Hobson had not yet mobilized himself.